

# RASPUTIN—DEVIL OR SAINT

by The Princess Radziwill

"In spite of the severe censorship over the press, the principal liberal organs of the capital published short commentaries which revealed the feeling of intense indignation that prevailed against Rasputin in every class of society."

The "Trial" of Manusewitsch-Maniuloff Was a Farce From the Beginning to the End, for the Prosecutor, Alleging That Several Important Witnesses Were Missing, Moved and Obtained an Indefinite Postponement—Rasputin's Influence Was Seen Behind This Move

Although Sturmer Finally Succumbed to the Attempts of the Opposition in Forcing His Resignation, He Did Not Fall Into Disgrace, but Instead Was Appointed High Chancellor of the Imperial Court, One of the Most Important Positions in Russia

### CHAPTER VIII (Continued)

THE meanwhile the efforts of the Opposition party in the Duma had succeeded to the extent of forcing Mr. Sturmer to resign as Prime Minister; but he had influence enough to secure his appointment as High Chancellor of the Imperial Court, one of the most important positions in Russia. He did not fall into disgrace, but remained the power behind the throne whose existence, though not officially recognized, yet was everywhere acknowledged. He had not been dismissed, he had simply gone away—a very different thing altogether in the realm of the Czar. Though no longer a Minister, he was still a personage to be considered as capable of an infinitude of good or of harm, according as it might please him to exert his influence. His successor, Mr. Trepoff, an upright and fairly able man, did not long retain the office he had accepted much against his will. With him departed one of the most popular Ministers Russia had known for a long time, Count Paul Ignatieff, the able son of an able father. He had for something like two years held the portfolio of Public Instruction to the general satisfaction of the public and had come to the conclusion that it was useless to go on fighting against dark powers which were getting the upper hand everywhere.

### Manusewitsch-Maniuloff "On Trial"

The resignation of these two statesmen was preceded by one of the most scandalous incidents in Russian modern history, the trial of Mr. Manusewitsch-Maniuloff. This had been put off from day to day for a considerable length of time until at last it became impossible to secure further delay. The culprit had taken good care, as I have already indicated, to put in safety documents of a most incriminating nature, implicating many persons whom the authorities could not afford to see mixed up in the dirty business connected with the numerous sins of Mr. Sturmer's private secretary. When the latter was questioned by the examining magistrate in regard to that last transaction which had brought him into court he declared that he had acted in accordance with the instructions which he had received from his chief and that it was not he himself but the Prime Minister who had received the money which the bank that had lodged a com-



Rasputin was not only a frequent visitor to the many imperial palaces, but he had a suite of rooms reserved for his own use in the Winter palace. This great building immediately after the revolution became the headquarters of the revolutionary forces and later was turned over to the American Commission to Russia.

plaint against him had been induced to pay in order to be spared certain annoyances with which it had been threatened. He had insisted upon this version of the affair and warned the magistrate that his counsel would develop it in all the details before the jury.

In the meanwhile Rasputin was moving heaven and earth to get the trial postponed and to get the charges against the prisoner quashed by the Chamber of Cassation. He had long conferences with several ladies having free entrance in the imperial palace and he had put forward, among other arguments, the one which had certain points in its favor; that it would be detrimental to the public interest to have the scandal of such a trial commented upon by the press of the whole of Europe at a time when Russia was struggling against a formidable foe, always ready to catch hold of anything that would discredit it or its institutions. For a time it seemed as if the efforts of the "Prophet" would be crowned with success. Then one fine day opposite currents became powerful and Mr. Maniuloff was sent before a jury in spite of his protestations and his threats of revenge upon those who had taken upon themselves the responsibility of subjecting him to that annoyance.

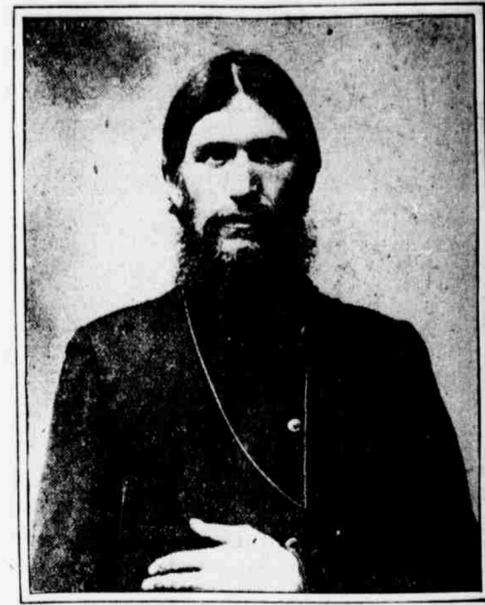
On the fifteenth of December, the day appointed for the trial, the halls and corridors of the law courts of Petrograd were filled with an inquisitive crowd struggling to get access to the room where it was to take place. The spectators waited a long time, watching curiously the impassive face of the hero of the day, who had quietly entered the hall and taken his place in the criminal dock. About 12 o'clock the Judges, together with the public prosecutor, made their entrance, when to the general surprise the latter rose and said that,

owing to the absence of several important witnesses for the prosecution, he moved an adjournment of the proceedings until an indefinite time. What had happened, what had brought about such an extraordinary change? This was the question which one could hear everywhere after the Court had risen and the assembly dispersed. Comments without number followed upon this decision, which no one would have thought possible a few hours before.

In spite of the severe censorship over the press, the principal liberal organs of the capital published short commentaries which revealed the feeling of intense indignation that prevailed in every class of society. The words "Shame, shame!" were heard on all sides. It is not at all wonderful that they found an echo among some determined spirits, who resolved at last to free Russia from the scourge of Rasputin, whose hand was again seen in the whole disgraceful affair.

This, however, was not at all an easy matter, considering the fact that the "Prophet" had become very careful and that his followers had him watched wherever he went for fear of an attack which they strongly suspected was being contemplated. The house where he lived, 64 Gorokhowaja street, was always surrounded by policemen and secret agents, who examined every person who entered or went out of it. Rasputin himself had also grown suspicious, even of persons with whom up to that time he had been upon friendly terms, and he avoided the numerous invitations that began once more to be showered upon him. He spoke again of returning to Siberia, which was always with him a sign that he did not feel himself at ease in the capital.

I had the opportunity to observe this restlessness the second time that I met him at the house of that Mr. De Bock whom I have already mentioned, when he declared to us that he was sick of Petrograd and of the many intrigues which were going on there. But that was before the war, and it seems that since it had begun the ideas of Rasputin had changed and that he was always saying that he considered it his duty to remain beside his friends at this hour of national peril. The fact that his feelings had changed on the last point proves that he was aware of the danger in which he stood,



A photograph of Rasputin at the height of his popularity.

and of which it is likely that he had been warned by the numerous spies who were but too ready to keep him well informed of all that it was to his interest to know.

One thing seems certain, and that is the activity which he began to display during the last weeks and days of his evil life in favor of the conclusion of a peace, which he now told whoever cared to hear him that Russia ought to make if she wished to escape from further sin, as he termed it.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

# RAINBOW'S END

By REX BEACH

Author of "The Spoilers," "The Barrier," "Heart of the Sunset"

A novel of love, hidden treasure and rebellion in beautiful, mysterious Cuba during the exciting days of the revolt against Spain.

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### Chapter X (Continued)

THE newcomer walked directly to O'Reilly; he was a clean-cut, alert young fellow. After a searching glance around the place he spoke in a voice audible to both men:

"Senior, you are in danger. Tonight, at midnight, you will be arrested. I beg of you to see that there is nothing incriminating in your possession."

O'Reilly's face betrayed his amazement. "Arrested? What for? On what charge?"

The stranger shrugged. "I don't know. That newspaper man will be arrested at the same moment, so you had better warn him. But be careful where and how you do so, for all his movements are watched, all his words are overheard."

"Why do you tell me this—you? Is it some scheme to—incriminate me?" O'Reilly inquired.

Manin was leaning over the counter, his face drawn with anxiety, his lips framing the same question.

### The Warning

"No!" The lieutenant shook his head. "I am a friend—a Cuban, in spite of this uniform. If you repeat my words I shall be shot within the hour. I implore you"—his voice became more urgent—"to heed my warning. I don't know what you had to do with this skirmish out San Rafael street, but a short time ago a message came from the fortina that insurgents were in the woods close by. I hope it will not prove to be a bloody encounter. And now remember—midnight!" He bowed, turned to the door and was gone.

Manin heaved a sigh of relief. "Caramba! He gave me a fright; I thought my time had come. But what did I tell you, eh?"

"That fellow is a Cuban spy!"

"No doubt. We have many friends. Well! You see what would have happened if you had tried to go. Now then, you must prepare yourself for the worst."

Perhaps a half hour later O'Reilly saw the cavalry squadron returning to its barracks. The men were laughing; they were shouting brief boastful accounts of their encounter to the people on the sidewalks. Two of them were sick and white; they lurched in their saddles, and were supported by their comrades, but it was not upon them that the eyes of the on-lookers centered. Through the filth of the street behind the cavalcade trailed a limp bundle of rags which had once been a man. It was tied to a rope and it dragged heavily; its limbs were loose; its face, blackened by mud, stared blindly skyward.

O'Reilly gazed at the object with horrified fascination; then with a sudden sick feeling of dizziness he retired to his room, asking himself if he were responsible for that poor fellow's death.

Meanwhile the citizens of Puerto Principe looked on with stony eyes. There was no cheering among them, only a hush in their chatter, above which sounded the rattle of accoutrements, the clump-clump of boots and the exultant voices of the Spanish troopers.

For some reason or other Leslie Branch was nowhere to be found; his room was locked and no one had seen him; hence there was no possibility of warning him



Through the filth of the street behind the cavalcade trailed a limp bundle of rags which had once been a man.

until that evening, when he appeared while O'Reilly was making a pretense of eating dinner.

"Where the devil have you been?" the latter inquired anxiously.

"Been getting out my weekly joke about the revolution. Had to write up this morning's 'battle.' Couldn't work in my room, so I—"

"Sit down; and don't jump when I tell you what has happened. We're going to be pinched at midnight."

"Why midnight?"

"I don't know unless that's the fashionable hour for military calls."

"What's it all about?"

"I guess they don't like us. Have you got anything incriminating about you?"

### A Letter to Gomez

"No!" Nothing except my citizen's papers and—a letter of introduction to General Maximo Gomez."

O'Reilly suddenly lost what appetite remained to him. "Nothing except a letter to General Gomez?" he cried. "Good Lord, Branch! Were you ever shot at surprise?"

The reporter coughed dismally. "No! It's too damp. I suppose you mean to hint I'd better destroy that letter, eh?"

"Just as quickly as possible. Where is it?"

"In my room."

"Hm-m! Then I'm not sure you'll have a chance to destroy it." O'Reilly was thinking rapidly. "From what I was told I suspect you are being watched even there."

"Bullets! I thought as much."

"Would you mind using some other oath?" O'Reilly broke out irritably. "I've always considered 'bullets' weak and ineffective, but—it has a significance."

"There's a new lodger in the room next to me. I've heard him moving around. I'll bet he's got a peephole in the wall." Branch was visibly excited.

"Quite likely. I have the same kind of a neighbor; that is he watching us now." Leslie cast a hostile eye at the man, his friend indicated. "Looks like a miserable spy, doesn't he? But, say, how am I going to make away with that letter?"

"I'm trying to think," said Johnnie. After a time he rose from the table and the two strolled out. Johnnie was still thinking.

When the two arrived at Branch's quarters O'Reilly scrutinized the room as closely as he dared, and then sat for some time idly gossiping. Both men were under a considerable strain, for they thought it more than likely that hostile eyes were upon them. It gave them an uncomfortable thrill; and while it seemed a simple thing to burn that letter of introduction, they realized that if their suspicious were correct such a procedure would only serve to deepen their difficulties. Nothing they could later say would explain to the satisfaction of the authorities so questionable an act. The mere destruction of a mysterious document, particularly at this late hour, would look altogether too queer; it might easily cause their complete undoing. Inasmuch as his enemies were waiting only for an excuse to be rid of him, O'Reilly knew that deportation was the least he could expect, and at the thought his fingers itched to hold that letter over the lamp chimney.

### Latin for the Latins

Imprisonment, almost any punishment, was better than deportation. That would mean beginning all over again.

While he was talking he used his eyes, and finally a plan suggested itself. To make doubly sure that his words would not be understood he inquired casually:

"Do you speak any foreign languages?"

"Sure! Spanish and—how Latin."

In spite of himself O'Reilly grinned; then making use of that incoherent arrangement of syllables upon the use of which every American boy prides himself, he directed Branch's attention to the tiles of the roof overhead.

The reporter's wits were sharp; his

eyes brightened; he nodded his instant understanding. The house had but one story; its roof was constructed of the common, half-round Cuban tiles, each piece about two feet long. These tiles were laid in parallel rows from ridge-pole to eave, and these rows were locked together by other tiles laid bottom side up over them. Where the convex faces of the lower layer overlapped, after the fashion of shingles, were numerous interstices due to imperfections in manufacture; more than one of these was large enough to form a hiding-place for a letter.

Continuing to disguise his language, O'Reilly directed his companion to open the table drawer in which the unwelcome document reposed and to see that it was where he could instantly lay hands upon it in the dark. Branch did as he was told.

### The Hiding Place

For some time longer they talked; then they rose as if to leave the room. O'Reilly took his stand near the door and directly beneath the most promising crevice in the roof, which at this point was perhaps nine feet from the floor.

Branch stooped over the table and breathed into the lamp chimney; the room was plunged into darkness. There followed a faint rustling of paper; the next instant he was at O'Reilly's side. Stooping, Johnnie seized him about the knees and lifted him. There was the briefest

pause; then feeling a pinch upon his shoulder, O'Reilly lowered his burden noiselessly, and the two men left the room.

When they were safely out in the street Branch rubbed his head and complained: "Bullets, you're strong! You nearly broke a rafter with my head. But I guess I got 'em out of sight."

"Them?"

"Yes. I hid my American 'paper,' too. These Dons are sore on Yankees, you know. I'm going to be an Englishman, and you'd better follow suit. I'm the youngest son of the Earl of Pawtucket, and you'd better tell 'em your uncle was the Duke of Ireland, or something."

### CHAPTER XI

#### THE HAND OF THE CAPTAIN GENERAL

ON THE stroke of midnight O'Reilly was arrested. After a thorough search of his person and his premises he was escorted to Government headquarters, where he found Leslie Branch.

The invalid looked taller, thinner, more bloodless than ever, and his air of settled gloom admirably became the situation.

"Hello, Earl. What luck?" Johnnie flashed at him.

"Good."

An officer sharply commanded them to be silent.

These caused a long delay, introduced, perhaps, for its effect upon the prisoners; then they were led into a large room where, it seemed, the entire staff of the Spanish garrison was waiting. It was an imposing collection of uniforms, a row of grim faces and hostile eyes, which the two Americans beheld. Spread out upon a table in front of the officers were the personal belongings of both men.

The prisoners were ordered to stand side by side, facing their accusers. Then each in turn was subjected to a rigorous examination. Owing to his acquaintance with Spanish, O'Reilly was able to defend himself without the aid of an interpreter. He began by asserting that he had come to Cuba for his health, and declared that he had endeavored at all times since his arrival to conduct himself in strict conformity with local regulations. If in any way he had offended, he had not done so intentionally. He denied having the remotest connection with the rebels, and demanded an explanation of his arrest.

### The Inquisition

But his plausible words did not in the least affect his hearers. General Antuna, the comandante, a square-faced man with the airs of a courtier, but with the bold, hard eyes of a fighter, leaned forward, saying:

"So you suffer from ill health, senior?"

"I do, severely. Rheumatism."

The General nodded. "Three days ago you were overtaken by a rainstorm while walking through the city?"

"Yes, sir."

"When the rain had passed, you returned to your hotel. At the junction of San Rafael and Estrella streets a pool of water had gathered and you leaped it. Am I right?"

"No doubt."

General Antuna consulted a report be-

### THE STORY THUS FAR

JOHNNIE O'REILLY, more commonly known as THE O'REILLY, has fallen in love with ROSA VARONA, one of the orphans of DON ESTEBAN VARONA, a wealthy slave owner and sugar planter of Cuba. Don Esteban had hoarded a vast fortune in precious stones, old Spanish coins and modern currency in a secret chamber at the bottom of a well. In building this well he was assisted by SEBASTIAN, a faithful slave, the only other person to share the secret.

When Don Esteban's first wife died he became the target for many match-makers, who knew vaguely of his hidden fortune. DONA ISABEL succeeded in becoming the second wife and immediately set about intriguing to learn of the fortune. Hoping to get information from Sebastian, she succeeds in having his daughter EVANGELINA sold. The slave, infuriated, murders his master and several others before he is shot. Thus in a few minutes the only two persons who know the whereabouts of the fortune are killed.

Isabel tries vainly to get information from PANCHE CUETO, the manager of the plantations. Instead, he threatens to claim the estate as his because Don Esteban left no deeds to the property. That night Isabel falls into the well and is drowned. The body is recovered by ESTEBAN, Rosa's brother and a spy for Colonel Lopez, the leader of the Cuban insurrectionists. Pancho Cueto finds a letter with information which Esteban had dropped and turns it over to the authorities. Rosa and Esteban, then escape up the valley to the hut of Evangelina, their old nurse.

O'Reilly, back in New York at the office of the firm which he represented in Cuba, anxiously awaits information from his sweetheart. His many letters do not bring a reply until months later, when Rosa tells him of the misfortunes that have befallen since he left Cuba. O'Reilly determines to rescue his beloved, and for that purpose calls upon Mr. Enriquez, head of the Cuban junta in New York, who helps him to return to the tropic island. There O'Reilly, in common with other Americans, is suspected, and he attempts to fool his hotelkeeper by stating that he came to Cuba for his rheumatism. After conferring with a Dr. Alvarado, O'Reilly moves on to Puerto Principe, nearer the scene of action, where he meets Leslie Branch, an American consumptive, trying to get cured or killed.

In the meantime, Esteban has been harassing Pancho Cueto by burning his sugar fields. The latter goes to Colonel Cobo, in charge of the Spanish troops, with the proposition that in return for exterminating Esteban and his guerrillas the colonel can have Rosa. Cobo agrees, and they attack the hut while Esteban is away on another raid. But he returns with his men in time to save his sister and drive the Spaniards off. The hut is in ashes and the party sets off for a safer refuge.

O'Reilly has met his man and arrangements have been made by which he is to attempt a daring dash to the rebel lines. But something has gone wrong, and O'Reilly is confronted by a man wearing the uniform of a Spanish lieutenant.

fore him. "That pool measured six feet four inches in width. Do you ask me to believe that a person suffering from rheumatism could do that?"

Leslie Branch shifted his weight and wet his lips, but O'Reilly only shrugged impatiently. "My dear General," said he, "did you never experience a neuralgia? Well, then, was the pain continuous? In this climate my affliction troubles me very little. That is why I remain here."

From among the articles in front of him the General selected a .44-caliber revolver cartridge and, holding it up, said:

"What do you say to this?"

"I don't know what to say. Where did it come from?"

"It was found in the cloth pocket of your valise."

O'Reilly frowned; then a light of understanding irradiated his frank countenance. "It must have lain there ever since I left Matanzas, three months ago."

"Ha! Matanzas!" fiercely ejaculated a colonel. "What were you doing in Matanzas?"

It was unnecessary to prevaricate now. Johnnie told of his earlier connection with the Carter Importing Company, gave names, dates and facts to bear out his statements and challenged his accusers to verify them.

Undoubtedly some of his hearers were impressed, but they were by no means convinced of the innocence of his present purpose, and, in fact, the ferocious Colonel seemed to regard past residence in Cuba as proof conclusive of a present connection with the rebels. Johnnie gathered that he was suspected of being

one of those American engineers who were reported to have been engaged to instruct the enemy in the use of explosives; his inquisitors did their best to wring such an admission from him or to entrap him into the use of some technical phrase, some slip of the tongue which would verify their suspicions. They even examined his hands with minutest care, as if to find some telltale callus or chemical discoloration which would convict him. Then, finally, to give him the lie absolute, the aggressive Colonel seized a nickel-plated atomizer from the table and brandished it triumphantly before the young man's eyes.

### Incriminating Evidence

"Enough of this pretense!" he cried. "What is this instrument, eh?"

"It is evidently an atomizer, a nasal syringe. I never saw it before."

"It's mine," said Leslie Branch; but the Colonel did not heed the interruption.

"Ha! And pray explain its use."

Johnnie undertook to do so, but it was plain that his words carried no conviction, for his mocking inquisitor gave a loud snort and gestured eloquently to his commander. "There you have it!" he declared proudly. "This impostor betrays himself."

The other officers were eying the unfamilar article curiously; one of them ventured gingerly to handle it; they exchanged whispers.

"What do you call it?" the General queried, leaning forward.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)